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LAD

TIDINGS

of Great Joy,

USED BY

REV. THOS. OGLE, JR.

"I am . . . sent to shew thee these *glad tidings*."

Luke 1: 19.

"They rejoiced with exceeding *great joy*."

Matt. 2: 10.

Philadelphia :

JOHN J. HOOD,

1018 ARCH STREET.

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OGLE'S

PRAISE HYMNS AND REVIVALIST.

1

Covenant Hymn.

Tune, Mears. C. M.

- 1 Come, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord ;—
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His Name to glorify ;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts adore ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

2

Trusting Jesus, that Is All.

From "The Ark of Praise," by per., p. 59.

- 1 Simply trusting every day ;
Trusting, though a stormy way ;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHORUS.—Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting him, whate'er befall,—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine ;
While he leads I cannot fall,—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear ;
Praying, if the path is drear ;
If in danger, for him call,—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past—
Till within the jasper wall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 52.

1 Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart ev'ry word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard ;
Tell how the angels in chorus
Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Glory to God in the highest !
Peace and good tidings to earth.

CHORUS.—Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart ev'ry word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.

2 Fasting, alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that he passed,
How for our sins he was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last ;
Tell of the years of his labor,
Tell of the sorrows he bore,
He was despised and afflicted,
Homeless, rejected, and poor.

3 Tell of the cross where they nailed him,
 Writhing in anguish and pain,
 Tell of the grave where they laid him,
 Tell how he liveth again ;
 Love in that story, so tender,
 Clearer than ever I see ;
 Stay, let me weep while you whisper,
 Love paid the ransom for me

4 'Tis Glory in My Soul.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 69.

1 To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging,
 All my refuge and my plea ;
 Matchless is thy loving kindness,
 Else it had not stoop'd to me.

CHO. —Oh, 'tis glory ! oh, 'tis glory !
 Oh, 'tis glory in my soul,
 For I've touch'd the hem of his garment,
 And his pow'r doth make me whole.

2 Long my heart hath heard thee calling,
 But I thrust aside thy grace ;
 Yet, O boundless condescension !
 Love is shining from thy face.

3 Love eternal, light eternal,
 Close me safely, sweetly in :
 Saviour, let thy balm of healing,
 Ever keep me free from sin.

5 Ever Will I Pray.

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 146.

1 Father, in the morning, Unto thee I'll pray ;
 Let thy loving kindness Keep me through this day.

CHORUS.—I will pray, I will pray, Ever will I pray ;
 Morning, noon, and evening, Unto thee I'll pray.

2 At the busy noon-tide, Press'd with work and care,
 Then I'll wait with Jesus, Till he hear my prayer.

3 When the evening shadows Chase away the light,
 Father, then I'll pray thee, Bless thy child to-night.

4 Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day,
 In its shadowy evening, Ever will I pray.

Fill Me Now.

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 149.

- 1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.

- 4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

I Never Will Leave Him More.

From "The Garner," by per., p. 57.

- 1 I am weeping with godly sorrow,
Yes, weeping repentant tears,
O'er a life I have spent in folly;
Alas, for its wasted years!
But if now I may find the Saviour
I slighted so oft before,
If he only will grant me pardon,
I never will leave him more.

REF.—I never will leave him,
I never will leave him more;
I'll cling to the cross of my Saviour,
And never will leave him more.

- 2 I am troubled and heavy-hearted,
No refuge on earth for me;

I must perish without my Saviour,
And what will my portion be !
I will go, though my sins are many,
And lay them at Mercy's door ;
And if Jesus will own and bless me,
I never will leave him more.

3 I believe that his grace can save me,
And why do I yet delay ?
He has promised to those that seek him,
They shall not be turned away ;
I will go, though the most unworthy
Of any who came before ;
I will hide in the wounds of Jesus,
And never will leave him more.

8

Whiter than Snow.

From "The Garner," by per., p. 54.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole ;
I want thee for ever to live in my soul ;
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe ;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

REF.—Whiter than snow ! yes, whiter than snow !
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain ;
Apply thine own blood, and extract ev'ry stain ;
To have this blest washing I all things forego,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice ;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,—
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet ;
By faith, for my cleansing I see thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

5 The blessing by faith I receive from above ;
Oh, glory ! my soul is made perfect in love ;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied,—I am whiter than snow !

REF.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow !
The blood is applied—I am whiter than snow.

Stand up for Jesus.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss :
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall he lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in his strength alone ;
 The arm of flesh will fail you ;
 Ye dare not trust your own ;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer ;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song ;
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be ;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

10

What a Friend we have in Jesus.

From "The Ark of Praise," p. 132.

- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear ;
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer !
 O what peace we often forfeit,
 O what needless pain we bear,
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer !

- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?
 Is there trouble anywhere ?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

11

Redeemed.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 7.

1 Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed thro' His infinite mercy,
His child and forever I am.

REFRAIN.—Redeemed, redeemed, redeemed by the
blood of the Lamb,
Redeemed, redeemed, His child and for-
ever I am.

2 Redeemed, and so happy in Jesus,
No language my rapture can tell,
I know that the light of His presence
With me doth continually dwell.

3 I think of my blessed Redeemer,
I think of Him all the day long,
I sing, for I cannot be silent,
His love is the theme of my song.

4 I know I shall see in His beauty
The King in whose law I delight,
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps,
And giveth me songs in the night.

5 I know there's a crown that is waiting
In yonder bright mansion for me,
And soon with the spirits made perfect,
At home with the Lord I shall be.

Waiting for the Light.

From "The Garner," by per., p. 42.

- 1 I am waiting, O my Father,
For the coming of the light,—
For the sunshine of thy presence,
That shall lift the clouds of night.

CHORUS.—I am waiting for thy footstep,
As it comes toward my door;—
O my Father, enter quickly,
Leave me never, never more.

- 2 I am waiting, blessed Saviour,
Let thy presence light my way,—
Let thy loving hand e'er lead me,
Let me never from thee stray.

- 3 I am waiting, Lord, why tarry?
Enter quick the open door,
Let me feel that thou art with me,
And I ask for nothing more.

- 4 I am waiting, O my Father,
Yet I see the coming light,
Yet I feel thy tender presence,
Never more shall it be night.

Many More are Coming.

From "Spicy Breezes," by per., p. 26.

- 1 Oh, sing on earth, for up in heav'n
The happy songs are swelling!
The tidings of a soul forgiven
God's messengers are telling.

CHORUS.—Oh, sing! another lost in sin
And weary of his roaming,
Knocks at the door to enter in,
And many more are coming.

- 2 Oh, come, my brothers, come and know
This peace of God bestowing;
Your soul can have its heav'n below,
While you are heav'nward going.

3 Come one, come all—the doors are wide !
There 's room for all, my brothers ;
To-day for God and heav'n decide,
And lead the way for others.

4 Behold ! they come ! a mighty band !
Keep all the beacons burning !
Our God is passing through the land,
And souls to him are turning.

14

He Leadeth Me.

1 He leadeth me ! oh ! blessed thought,
Oh ! words with heav'nly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.—He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !
By His own Hand He leadeth me ;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

15

The Ark Floateth By.

From "The Trio," by per., p. 152.

1 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Oh, haste to gain that blest abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

CHORUS.—Oh, come, come to-day,
Do not longer delay,
The ark, precious bark, floateth by ;
The waves as they roll
Shall not cover thy soul,
For Jesus thy Saviour is nigh.

2 There safe shalt thou abide ;
There sweet shall be thy rest ;
And every wish be satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

3 And when the waves of wrath
Again the earth shall fill,
Thine ark shall ride the sea of fire,
And rest on Zion's hill.

16

'Tis so Sweet.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per., p. 46.

1 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take Him at His word.
Just to rest upon his promise,
Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."

REFRAIN.—Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him ;
How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus !
O for grace to trust him more.

2 O, how sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust His cleansing blood ;
Just in simple faith to plunge me,
'Neath the healing, cleansing flood.

3 Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease ;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.

4 I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,
Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend ;
And I know that thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.

It is Good to be Here.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per., p. 17.

- 1 Oh how happy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above;
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

REF.—It is good to be here, it is good to be here,
 Thy perfect love now drives away all our fear,
 And light streaming down makes the pathway
 It is good for us, Lord, to be here. [all clear,

- 2 That sweet comfort was mine
 When the favor divine
 I received through the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart first believed,
 What a joy I received—
 What a heaven in Jesus' name!

- 3 'Twas a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at His feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore,

- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song;
 O, that all His salvation might see;
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem even rebels like me.

The New Song.

From "The Garner," by per., p. 74.

- 1 There are songs of joy that I loved to sing
 When my heart was as blithe as a bird in spring;
 But the song I have learned is so full of cheer,
 That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.

CHO.—O the new, new song! O the new, new song!
 I can sing it now with the ransomed throng:
 Power and dominion to him that shall reign,
 Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain!

2 There are strains of home that are dear as life,
And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife ;
But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
And I sing the psalm they are singing there.

3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad
When the gracious Master hath made me glad ?
When he points where the many mansions be,
And sweetly says, "There is one for thee" ?

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall ;
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to Him.

19 Happy Tidings.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 33.

1 Tidings, happy tidings, Hark ! hark ! the sound !
Hear the joyful 'echo Thro' the world resound :
Christ the Lord proclaims them ; Hear and heed the
call, [all.
Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for

REFRAIN.—Whosoever asketh, Jesus will receive ;
Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve ;
See the living waters, Flowing full and free ;
Oh, the blessed whosoever ! That means me.

2 Tidings, happy tidings, Hark ! hark ! they say,
Do not slight the warning, Come, oh, come to-day ;
Christ, our loving Saviour, Still repeats the call,
Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Room, room for all.

3 Tidings, happy tidings, Hark ! hark ! again !
Rushing o'er the mountain, Sweeping o'er the plain ;
Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,
Come, for everything is ready, Room, room for all.

20 O Try It and See.

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 37.

1 Poor souls that from Jesus are going away,
Still farther and farther, from day unto day ;
Say, where is your comfort when sad and oppress'd ?
And where is your refuge, your haven of rest ?

CHORUS.—Accept the redemption now offered so free,
And you will be happy, oh, try it, and see.

- 2 Your hopes are delusive, and lighter than air,
No Saviour to help you, your burdens to bear;
You ask what delight in his service can be;
God grant you the Spirit! oh, try it, and see!
- 3 What joy you are losing! reflect and be wise;
The faithful are promised a home in the skies;
And true to his promise the Saviour will be;
Then, let me beseech you, oh, try it and see!
- 4 With hearty repentance believe on the Lord,
Believe, and sincerely, the truth of his Word;
Resolve from this moment his child you will be,
And he will receive you; come, try it and see!

21

The Coming Day.

- 1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

CHORUS.—O what will you do in the coming day,
Coming day; coming day; [away!
When the heavens and the earth shall pass
What will you do in that day?

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.
4. Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

22

What a Refuge.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 16.

1 To the shadow of the Rock in a thirsty land I flee,
To the shadow of the Rock just before me;
My Redeemer bids me go, and how sweet my rest
will be,
With his tender, loving smile beaming o'er me.

CHORUS.—Oh, what a refuge from every throbbing care!
Oh, what a refuge!—my only hope is there;
My Redeemer bids me go, and how sweet my
rest will be, [me.
With his tender, loving smile beaming o'er
[feet,

2 To the shadow of the Rock, where so many pilgrim
In their joyful, joyful haste now are turning;
Where their weary, troubled hearts find a sure and
safe retreat,
And the blessed lamp of faith still is burning.

3 In the shadow of the Rock, where the peaceful waters
glide,
Peaceful waters from the pure crystal river, [hide,
In the shadow of the Rock, in its cleft my soul shall
With my blessed Lord to dwell, and for ever.

23

Coming to Jesus.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 22.

1 With my sin-wounded soul,
To be made fully whole,
And thy perfect salvation to see:
With my heart stained by sin,
To be washed and made clean,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

REFRAIN.—I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee:
With my heart stained by sin,
To be washed and made clean,
I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

- 2 Oh, how long have I tried
 To resist nature's tide,
 All in vain have I sighed to be free ;
 In myself all undone,
 'Neath the waves sinking down,
 I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
- 3 I thy promise believe,
 That in thee I shall live,
 Thro' thy blood shed so freely for me ;
 To obtain a pure heart,
 To secure this "good part,"
 I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
- 4 To be thine, wholly thine,
 Precious Saviour divine ;
 With my all consecrated to thee ;
 To be kept every hour,
 By thy love's wondrous power,
 I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

24

Glorious Fountain.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 25.

- 1 There is a fountain, ||: filled with blood :||
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged ||: beneath that flood :||
 Lose all their guilty stains.

CHORUS.—Oh, glorious fountain, Here will I stay,
 And in thee ever Wash my sins away.

- 2 The dying thief ||: rejoiced to see :||
 That fountain in his day,
 And there may I, ||: tho' vile as he :||
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: thy precious blood :||
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God :||
 Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream :||
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, :||
 And shall be till I die.

Say, are You Ready ?

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 37.

- 1 Should the death angel knock at thy chamber,
 In the still watch of to-night,
 Say, will your spirit pass into torment,
 Or to the land of delight ?

CHORUS.—Say, are you ready ? Oh, are you ready
 If the death angel should call ?
 Say, are you ready ? Oh, are you ready ?
 Mercy stands waiting for all.

- 2 Many sad spirits now are departing
 Into the world of despair ;
 Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer ;
 Sinner, O sinner, beware !
- 3 Many redeemed ones now are ascending
 Into the mansions of light ;
 Jesus is pleading, patiently pleading,
 O let him save you to-night.

That Beautiful Land.

- 1 A beautiful land by faith I see,
 A land of rest, from sorrow free ;
 The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,
 And beautiful angels too are there.

CHORUS.—Will you go ? will you go ?
 Go to that beautiful land with me ?
 Will you go ? will you go ?
 Go to that beautiful land ?

- 2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
 It ne'er has known the shades of night ;
 The glory of God, the light of day
 Hath driven the darkness far away.

- 3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
 Its beautiful gates I too behold,
 The river of life, the crystal sea,
 The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

- 4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light ;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

27

- He Invites You To-Day.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 116.

- 1 Sinner, come, will you come,
To the Lamb that was slain,
Will you come to his arms,
He will cleanse every stain.

REFRAIN.—He invites you to-day, Do not, then, stay
away,

Blessed be the Lord ! He invites you to-day.
Blessed be the Lord ! Blessed be the Lord !
Blessed be the Lord ! He invites you to-day.

- 2 There's a work to be done,
There's a cross you should bear ;
There's a crown to be won,
There's a glory to share.

- 3 You have friends who have gone
To that haven of rest,
Whom you promised to meet
In the land of the blest.

28

Jesus Will Give You Rest.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 21.

- 1 Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken
Burdened and sin-oppressed ? [heart,
Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord,
Jesus will give you rest.

REFRAIN.—Oh, happy rest ! sweet, happy rest !
Jesus will give you rest,

Oh ! why won't you come in simple, trusting faith ?
Jesus will give you rest.

- 2 Will you come, will you come ? there is mercy for you,
Balm for your aching breast ;

Only come as you are, and believe on his name,
Jesus will give you rest.

- 3 Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to
Jesus, who loves you best, [pay;
By his death on the Cross purchased life for your soul,
Jesus will give you rest.
- 4 Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with
Fly to his loving breast; [you now!
And whatever your sin or your sorrow may be,
Jesus will give you rest.

29 I'm Redeemed.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 20.

- 1 O, sing of Jesus, "Lamb of God,"
Who died on Calvary,
And for a ransom shed his blood,
For you and even me.

REFRAIN.—I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed, [slain,
Through the blood of the Lamb that was
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,
Hallelujah unto his name.

- 2 O wondrous power of love divine!
So pure, so full, so free!
It reaches out to all mankind,
Embraces even me.

- 3 All glory now to Christ the Lord,
And evermore shall be;
He hath redeemed a world from sin,
And ransomed even me.

30 Jesus Hears Me.

From "Songs of Triumph," by per., p. 72.

- 1 I'll praise, I'll praise the name of Jesus,
The name I breathe in prayer,
It draws me upward to the Father's throne,
And stills each throb of care.

REFRAIN.—Jesus hears me, Jesus saves me,
I am quickened by His cleansing power,
And O how tenderly He leads me on,
And keeps me hour by hour.

2 I'll praise, I'll praise the name of Jesus,
His name my boast shall be,
My all I cheerfully to Him resign,
No Friend so dear as He.

3 I'll praise, I'll praise the name of Jesus,
With ev'ry fleeting breath,
I'll praise and glorify redeeming grace,
That brought my soul from death.

4 I'll praise, I'll praise the name of Jesus,
While time its flight shall wing,
Then through the ages of eternity,
His boundless love I'll sing.

31 Rejoicing Evermore.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 30.

1 Tho' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us,—the Lord will provide.

CHORUS.—Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
Will joy in the God of my salvation.

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread,
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—the Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise,—the Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain :
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain :
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—the Lord will provide.

- 5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great name :
In this our strong tower for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power,—the Lord will provide.

32

Take Me as I Am.

From "The Garner," by per., p. 60.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry,
Unless thou help me I must die ;
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

REFRAIN.—Take me as I am, take me as I am.
Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

- 2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
And thou canst make me what thou wilt,
But take me as I am.

- 3 No preparation can I make ;
My best resolves I only break ;
Yet save me, for thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am.

- 4 I thirst, I long to know thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove ;
But since to thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am.

33

Come to the Royal Fountain.

From "The Garner," by per., p. 94.

- 1 See where the living waters glide,
From David's house they sweetly flow ;
Who washes in the cleansing tide
Is whiter then the driven snow.

CHORUS.—Then, come to the royal fountain !
Ever in its stream abide ;
Come to the royal fountain,
Opened in the Saviour's side.

2 It flows, an ever-running stream, —
Free as the fountain of his grace,
Who died, that he might thus redeem
The fallen sons of Adam's race.

3 Down through the ages, flowing wide, —
Its virtue is to-day the same
As when from out his pierced side
The mingled tide of blessing came.

4 Whoever will may drink and live ;
New life the healing draught inspires ;
From those who nothing have to give
The royal bounty naught requires.

34

Only a Look.

From "The Ark of Praise," by per., p. 63.

1 Only a look, my Saviour,
While trembling here I bow,
Only a look, my Saviour,
My heart is breaking now.

CHO.—Only a look, only a look,
Only a look from thee ;
One look from the cross, the blood-stained cross,
Will bring sweet peace to me.

2 Only a look, my Saviour,
Will all my sins forgive,
Tenderly now behold me,
And bid my spirit live.

3 Only a look, my Saviour, —
With joy my heart would fill,
Graciously hear my pleading,
And bend my wayward will.

4 Only a look, my Saviour,
'Tis done, the work is thine,
Thou, by a look, hast made me
An heir of grace divine.

CHO.—Only a look, only a look,
Only a look from thee,
One look from the cross, the blood-stained cross,
Has brought sweet peace to me.

It Must Be Settled To Night.

From "The Ark of Praise," by per., p. 71.

- 1 "It must be settled to-night,
To-morrow may be too late ;"
The angel of death may come,
And seal forever my fate.

CHORUS.—It must be settled to-night,
I can no longer wait,
Peace with my God I now must have,
To-morrow may be too late.

- 2 A burden weighs my soul
I can no longer bear ;
Unless removed this night,
'T will sink me into despair.

- 3 I cannot rest till peace
Enfolds me from above,—
Till my Redeemer speaks to me
Assurance of his love.

- 4 Oh, now I know 'tis done !
My peace is made with God !
My pardon 's found in Jesus' name,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

Triumph By and By.

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 85.

- 1 The prize is set before us,
To win, his words implore us,
The eye of God is o'er us, from on high,
His loving tones are calling,
While sin is dark, appalling ;
'Tis Jesus gently calling, He is nigh.

CHORUS.—By and by we shall meet him,
By and by we shall greet him,
And with Jesus reign in glory, by and by.

- 2 We'll follow where he leadeth,
We'll pasture where he feedeth,
We'll yield to him who pleadeth from on high,
Then naught from him shall sever,
Our hopes shall brighten ever,
And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh.

3 Our home is bright above us,
No trials dark to move us,
But Jesus, dear, to love us, there on high,
We 'll give him best endeavor,
And praise his name forever ;
His precious ones can never, never die.

37 Jesus Will Save You Now.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 117.

- 1 Come, oh, come to the ark of rest,
Jesus will save you now ;
Come, with the weight of your guilt oppressed,
Jesus will save you now.

CHORUS.—Come while your cheeks with tears are wet,
Come, ere the star of life shall set,
Come, and the step you will ne'er regret,
Jesus will save you now.

- 2 Come, oh, come to the ark of grace,
Jesus will save you now ;
Haste to his arms and his dear embrace,
Jesus will save you now.

- 3 Come, oh, come to the ark of love,
Jesus will save you now ;
Come, like the worn and weary dove,
Jesus will save you now.

- 4 Who 'll be first to arise for prayer ?
Jesus will save you now ;
Who 'll be the first the cross to bear ?
Jesus will save you now.

38 Wilt Thou be made Whole ?

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 72.

- 1 Hear the footsteps of Jesus,
He is now passing by,
Bearing balm for the wounded,
Healing all who apply ;
As he spake to the suff'rer
Who lay at the pool,
He is saying this moment,
" Wilt thou be made whole ?"

REFRAIN.—Wilt thou be made whole?:||

O come, weary sufferer,
O come, sin-sick soul;
See, the life-stream is flowing,
See the cleansing waves roll,
Step into the current
And thou shalt be whole.

2 'Tis the voice of that Saviour,
Whose merciful call
Freely offers salvation
To one and to all;
He is now beck'ning to him
Each sin-tainted soul,
And lovingly asking,
“Wilt thou be made whole?”

3 Are you halting and struggling,
O'erpowered by your sin,
While the waters are troubled
Can you not enter in?
Lo, the Saviour stands waiting
To strengthen your soul,
He is earnestly pleading,
“Wilt thou be made whole?”

39

What of the Future?

From ‘Sings of Redeeming Love,’ by per., p. 49.

1 What of the future, my brother,
After this world and its strife?
Is there no light for thee yonder,
Bright'ning the on coming life?

CHORUS.—Make thyself ready, my brother,
Ready to meet the dear Lord,
Knowing that soon he will call you,
Call you to meet your reward.

2 What of the future, my brother?
Can you not see through the gloom
Veiling the pathway before you?
Is it all dark in the tomb?

3 What of the future, my brother?
Get thyself ready to-night,

Fearing that God's Holy Spirit,
Grieved and sad, takes its flight.

- 4 What of the future, my brother ?
Turn not away from the love
Of the dear Saviour, who draws thee
To him, and mansions above.

40

I Will Give You Rest.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 51.

- 1 Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

REFRAIN.—Come unto me, come unto me,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest ;
Come unto me, come unto me,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

- 2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

- 3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed ;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

41

Jesus Saves.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 55.

- 1 We have heard a joyful sound,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves ;
Spread the gladness all around,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves ;
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

- 2 Waft it on the rolling tide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves,

Tell to sinners, far and wide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves ;
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves,
Earth shall keep her jubilee,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

- 3 Sing above the battle's strife,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves ;
By his death and endless life,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves ;
Sing it softly thro' the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves,
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

42

Outside the Gate.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 17.

- 1 Poor starving soul, there's room for thee,
Within thy Father's home ;
Why linger still ? there's bread to spare ;
Come in, no longer roam,
Come in, behold, thy Father calls ;
His love for thee is great ;
Come in, come in, he bids thee come ;
Why stand outside the gate ?

CHORUS.—Outside the gate, outside the gate,
O soul, no longer wait ;
Come in, come in, there's room for thee ;
Why stand outside the gate ?

- 2 Thy Father waits ; what keeps thee back ?
Behold his pleading face !
His circling arms would clasp thee now ;
O seek his dear embrace ;
He longs to hear thee say, forgive ;
He mourns thy hapless state ;
Come in, come in, he bids thee come ;
Why stand outside the gate ?

- 3 O, linger not, the time is short,
Its sands are ebbing fast !
This hour is thine, improve it well,
This hour, perhaps thy last ;

Come in while yet thy Father pleads,
Slight not his love so great ;
Come in, come in, he bids thee come ;
Why stand outside the gate ?

43 He will Gather the Wheat.

From "The Garner," by per., p. 25.

- 1 When Jesus shall gather the nations
Before him at last to appear
Then, oh how shall we stand in the judgment
When summoned our sentence to hear ?

CHO.—He will gather the wheat in his garner,
But the chaff will he scatter away ;
Then, oh, how shall we stand in the judgment
Of the great Resurrection Day ?

- 2 Shall we hear from the lips of our Saviour
The words, "faithful servant, well done" ?
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish,
Be banished away from his throne ?

- 3 He will smile as he looks on his children,
And sees on the ransomed his seal ;
He will clothe them in heavenly beauty
As low at his footstool they kneel.

- 4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—
Our lamps burning steady and bright,—
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wedding
Our spirits, made ready for flight.

44 Are you Ready ?

From "The Garner," by per., p. 26.

- 1 Should the summons, quickly flying,
On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
"Lo ! the Heavenly Bridegroom cometh,"
Would the sound your souls appal ?
||: Are you ready ? are you ready ?
Should you hear the midnight call ?:||

- 2 What if now the startling mandate
Should the sleeping virgins hear,—

Are your lamps all trimmed and burning,
Should the Bridegroom now appear ?

||: Are you ready ? are you ready ?
Now to see your Lord appear ? :||

3 Is there oil in all your vessels ?

Are your garments pure and white ?
Are they washed in the cleansing fountain,—
Fit to stand in Jesus' sight ?

||: Are you ready ? are you ready ?
Are your lamps all clear and bright ? :||

4 Rise, ye virgins, sleep no longer !

Lest the call your souls surprise !
Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom
When he cometh from the skies.

Oh, be ready ! oh, be ready !
When he cometh from the skies ;
||: Oh, be ready ! oh, be ready !
Hasten, from your slumbers rise ! :||

45 Why not To-night !

From "The Garner," by per., p. 47.

1 Oh, do not let the Word depart,
Nor close thine eyes against the light,
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to night ?

REF.—Why not to-night ? why not to night ?
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night ?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight,
This is the time, oh ! then, be wise,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night ?

3 Our God in pity lingers still ;
And wilt thou thus His love requite ?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night ?

4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight ;
Oh, try the life which Christians live,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night ?

- 5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite,
Then be the work of grace begun,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

46

Beulah Land.

From "The Garner," by per., p. 69.

- 1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land!
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,—
My heaven, my home, for evermore!

- 2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border land.

- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flowers that never-fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

- 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

47

Angels Hovering Round.

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 31.

There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.

- 1 To carry the tidings home.
2 To the New Jerusalem.
3 We are on our journey home.

- 4 Poor sinners are coming home.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come.
- 6 Let him that heareth come.
- 7 And he that is thirsty come.
- 8 And whosoever will may come.
- 9 There is glory all around.

48 **The Land just across the River.**

From "The Garner," by per., p. 67.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

CHO.—We will rest in the fair and happy land
Just across on the evergreen shore,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by,
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

- 2 O'er all these wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

49 **Is my Name written There ?**

From "The Garner," by per., p. 70.

- 1 Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold ;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold :
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there ?

CHORUS.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea;
But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow,
“Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow.”

3 Oh ! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair,
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

50 Shall we meet beyond the River?

From “The Garner,” by per., p. 36.

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne’er shall press the soul?

CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
||: Shall we meet beyond the river? :||
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o’er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the bright celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet there many a loved one
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own ?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne ?

51 **We're marching to Zion.**

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 26.

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
||:Join in a song with sweet accord,:||
||:And thus surround the throne.:||

CHORUS.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion ;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
||:But children of the heavenly king,:||
||:May speak their joys abroad.:||

- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
||:Before we reach the heavenly fields,:||
||:Or walk the golden streets.:||

- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
||:We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,:||
||:To fairer worlds on high:||

52 **The Stranger at the Door.**

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 36.

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door ;
He gently knocks—has knocked before.
He waited long, is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHO.—O let the dear Saviour come in,
He'll cleanse your heart from sin ;
O keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Saviour come in.

2 O lovely attitude,—He stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness, and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will,—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Admit Him ere His anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

53 Are you Washed in the Blood?

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 14.

1 Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r,
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Сно.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless? are they white as
snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be
white?
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

Bringing in the Sheaves.

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 65.

- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- CHO.—||:Bringing in the sheaves,:||
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping 's over, he will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

The Child of a King.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 57.

- 1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full, he has riches untold.
- CHO.—I'm the child of a King, the child of a King,
With Jesus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King
- 2 My Father's own Son, the "Saviour of men!"
Once wandered o'er earth the poorest of them;
But now he is reigning, forever on high,
And will give me a home in the sweet by and by!
- 3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down!
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
- 4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

Glory to His Name.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 27.

- 1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down, where for cleansing from sin, I cried ;
There to my heart was the blood applied ;
Glory to his name.

СНО.—Glory to his name, glory to his name,
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to his name.

- 2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within ;
There at the cross where he took me in,
Glory to his name.
- 3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in ;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to his name.
- 4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet ;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet ;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete ;
Glory to his name.

Treasures of Heaven.

From "The Ark of Praise," by per., p. 49.

- 1 There 's a crown in heaven for the striving soul,
Which the blessed Jesus himself will place
On the head of each who shall faithful prove,
Even unto death, in the heavenly race.

СНО.—Oh, may that crown in heaven be mine,
And I among the angels shine ;
Be thou, O Lord ! my daily guide,
Let me ever in thy love abide.

- 2 There 's a joy in heaven for the mourning soul,
Though the tears may fall all the earthly night ;
Yet the clouds of sadness will break away,
And rejoicing come with the morning light.
- 3 There 's a home in heaven for the faithful soul,
In the many mansions prepared above,
Where the glorified shall forever sing
Of a Saviour's free and unbounded love.

Nearer to Thee.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee ;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :
Nearer to thee.
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :
Nearer to thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven ;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to thee.

Sweet Rest in Eden.

- 1 In the sweet fields of Eden,
Over there, over there ;
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Over there, over there.

Over there, over there, over there, over there,
In the sweet fields of Eden, over there.

- 2 There the Tree of Life is blooming.
- 3 There is rest for the weary.
- 4 On the other side of Jordan.
- 5 You will never have a trial.
- 6 Say, brother, will you meet me.
- 7 By the grace of God I'll meet you.
- 8 Won't that be a happy meeting ?
- 9 We will meet no more to sever.
- 10 Then we'll wear our crowns of glory.
- 11 And we'll walk and talk with Jesus.

"Jasper and Gold," p. 134.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power,
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him,
This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all,
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden
Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd !
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

CHORUS.—Whosoever, whosoever,
Whosoever will may come,
Whosoever, saith the Spirit,
With the Father and the Son ;
Whosoever, sinner, hear it,
Whosoever will may come.

My Surety.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise !
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears.
 ||:Before the throne my Surety stands,:||
 My name is written on his hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead.
 ||:His blood atoned for all our race,:||
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

- 3 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :
 ||:His Spirit answers to the blood,:||
 And tells me I am born of God.

- 4 My God is reconciled,
 His pard'ning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child ;
 I can no longer fear.
 ||:With confidence I now draw nigh,:||
 And Father, Abba, Father ! cry.

Come, thou Fount.

- 1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount ! I'm fixed upon it,
 Mount of God's redeeming love !

- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither by thy help I'm come,
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love,—
Here's my heart: oh, take, and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

63 When the Tempest passes over.

From "Golden Songs," by per., p. 68.

- 1 We are sailing on the old ship of Zion,
We are sailing to the home of the blest,
Where the holy angels wait for our coming,
In the city where the saints sweetly rest.

CHORUS.—When the tempest passes over,
We will meet each other there, on the shore.

- 2 Millions have already reached the blest harbor,
And are singing with the loved gone before;
Millions more are sailing over the river
To their mansions on the beautiful shore.
- 3 Spread your canvas to the winds; let the breezes
Gently waft the noble ship to the shore;
All on board are sweetly singing to Jesus,
Who will bring them to the bright evermore.
- 4 When we all are safely landed in heaven,
We will gladly shout our dangers are o'er;
We will walk about the beautiful city,
And we'll sing the happy song evermore.

64 Trusting in the Promise.

From "The Ark of Praise," by per., p. 50.

- 1 I have found repose for my weary soul,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
And a harbor safe when the billows roll. *Trusting, etc.*
I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, *Trusting, etc.*
I will bear my lot in the toil of life, *Trusting, etc.*

61 N.—Resting on his mighty arm forever,
Never from his loving heart to sever,
I will rest by grace in his strong embrace,
Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

2 I will sing my song as the days go by, *Trusting, etc.*
And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, *Trusting, etc.*
I can smile at grief, and abide in pain, *Trusting, etc.*
And the loss of all will be highest gain, *Trusting, etc.*

3 Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, *Trusting, etc.*
Oh, the strength and grace only God can give, *etc.*
Whosoever will may be saved to day, *Trusting, etc.*
And begin to walk in the holy way, *Trusting, etc.*

65 O Lord, have Mercy.

1 Saviour of sinners, lend thine ear,
Accept the mourner's plea,
And listen to my feeble prayer,
Descend and pardon me.

CHORUS.—O Lord, have mercy :||
Have mercy on me.

2 Beneath thy cross I'll urge my cry,
Until my soul is free ;
Both night and day I groan and sigh,
O Jesus, pardon me !

3 'Tis done, 'tis done, I do believe,
I feel my soul is free ;
Thy great salvation I receive,
Yes, thou hast pardoned me.

66 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed ?

1 Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

CHORUS.—Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be ;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing head
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart to thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

67

Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Behold the Bridegroom.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love," by per., p. 58.

1 you ready for the Bridegroom

When he comes, when he comes ?||

Behold ! he cometh ! behold ! he cometh !

Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHO.—Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes !||

Behold ! he cometh ! behold ! he cometh !

Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.

2 Have your lamps trimmed and burning,

When he comes, when he comes ;

He quickly cometh, he quickly cometh !

O soul ! be ready when the Bridegroom comes.

3 We will all go out to meet him

When he comes, when he comes ;

He surely cometh ! he surely cometh !

We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.

4. We will chant alleluias

When he comes, when he comes ;

Lo ! he cometh ! lo ! he cometh !

Sing alleluia ! for the Bridegroom comes.

Will you be Washed ?

From "The Wells of Salvation," by per., p. 75.

1 List, the Spirit calls to thee,

Will you be washed in the blood ?

Jesus died to make you free,

Will you be washed in the blood ?

Pardon freely given,

Cleansing you for heaven.

CHORUS.—Will you be washed,

Washed in the blood of the lamb ;||

2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,

Will you be washed in the blood ?

Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,

Will you be washed in the blood ?

Claim him as your Saviour,

He can save forever.

3 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be washed in the blood ?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be washed in the blood ?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy through heaven resounding.

70

Jesus Saves Me.

From "Beulah Songs," by per., p. 33.

1 Precious Saviour, thou hast saved me ;
Thine and only thine I am ;
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb !

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb !
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb !

2 Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest ;
But I gave all trying over ;
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Trusting, trusting every moment ;
Feeling now the blood applied ;
Lying at the cleansing fountain ;
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

4 Consecrated to thy service,
I will live and die to thee ;
I will witness to thy glory
Of salvation full and free.

71

We'll work till Jesus Comes.

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 140.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home ?

CHO.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
||: We'll work till Jesus comes, :||
And we'll be gathered home.

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful shelt'ring dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest ;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.
- 4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam :
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heav'nly home.

72

I am glad there is Cleansing.

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 72.

- 1 How bright the hope that Calv'ry brings,
Where love divine and mercy blends ;
How full the joy that all may find,
Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.
- CHO.—I am glad there is cleansing in the blood:|
Tell the world, all the world,
There is cleansing in the Saviour's blood.
- 2 'Tis there ! 'tis there the soul may go,
And wash its sins and stains away ;
Who gives up all,—who comes by faith,
This cleansing finds without delay.
 - 3 Why need we struggle on in self,
We cannot make one black spot white ;
'Tis Christ's own blood, and that alone,
Can change and cleanse the heart aright.
 - 4 I come ! I come ! and glad I am
That Jesus calls the lost and vile ;
There thousands have a cleansing found,
I'll heed the Saviour's welcome smile.

73

The Sinner invited.

- 1 Sinner come, will you go !
To the highlands of heaven ?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given ;

Where the bright blooming flowers,
Are their odors emitting ;
And the leaves of the bow'rs,
In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain ;
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain,
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He 's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it ?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it ?
O come, sinner, come !
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And forever cease pleading.

74 Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

From "The Wells of Salvation," by per., p. 122.

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have but scant supply,
Angel eyes will watch above it ;—
You shall find it by and by ;
He who in his righteous balance
Doth each human action weigh,
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deed repay.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Poor and weary, worn with care,—
Often sitting in the shadow,—
Have you not a crumb to spare ?
Can you not to those around you
Sing some little song of hope,
As you look with longing vision
Thro' faith's mighty telescope ?

- 3 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have abundant store ;
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore ;
You may think it lost forever,
But as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

75 What a Gath'ring that will be.

From "The Quiver," by per., p. 10.

- 1 At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are
gathered home,

We will greet each other by the crystal sea,
With the friends and all the loved ones there awaiting
us to come,

What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be !

CHO.—What a gath'ring, gath'ring,
At the sounding of the glorious jubilee !

What a gath'ring, gath'ring,
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be !

- 2 When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall
be no more,

We shall gather, and the saved and ransom'd see,
Then to meet again together, on the bright celestial
shore,—

What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be !

- 3 At the great and final judgment, when the hidden
comes to light,

When the Lord in all his glory we shall see ;
At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to
my right,"

What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be !

- 4 When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel
bands proclaim,

In triumphant strains, the glorious jubilee ;
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Moses and
the Lamb,

What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be !

From "Pure Gold," by per., p. 151.

- 1 Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door,
And was roused from the slumber of sin ;
It was Jesus knocked, he had knocked before ;
Now I said, Bless'd Master, come in.
CHO.—Then open, open, Open ; let the Master in ;
For the heart will be bright with a heavenly light
When you let the Master in.
- 2 Then he spread a feast of redeeming love,
And he made me his own happy guest ;
In my joy I thought that the saints above
Could be hardly more favored or blessed.
- 3 In the holy war with the foes of truth,
He's my Shield, he my table prepares,
He restores my soul, he renews my youth,
And gives triumph in answer to prayers.
- 4 He will feast me still with his presence dear,
And the love he so freely hath given,
While his promise tells, as I serve him here,
Of the banquet of glory in heaven.

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From "The Epworth Hymnal," by per.

- 1 Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—
Calling to-day, calling to-day ;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam,
Farther and farther away ?
REF.—Calling to-day, calling to-day,
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.
- 2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day ;
Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest ;
He will not turn thee away.
- 3 Jesus is waiting, O come to him now —
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day ;
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow ;
Come, and no longer delay.
- 4 Jesus is pleading, O list to his voice—
Hear him to-day, hear him to-day ;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice ;
Quickly arise and away.

Coming To-day.

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 382.

- 1 Out on the desert, looking, looking,
Sinner, 'tis Jesus looking for thee ;
Tenderly calling, calling, calling,
Hither, thou lost one, O come unto me.

CHO.—Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling,
Why dost thou linger, why tarry away ;
Run to him quickly, say to him gladly,
Lord, I am com ng, coming to-day.

- 2 Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting,
Oh, what compassion beams in his eye !
Hear him repeating gently, gently,
Come to thy Saviour, oh, why wilt thou die.
- 3 Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading,
Mercy, though slighted, bears with thee yet ;
Thou canst be happy, happy, happy,
Come, ere thy life star forever shall set.
- 4 Spirits in glory, watching, watching,
Long to behold thee safe in the fold ;
Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting,
When shall thy story with rapture be told ?

79 **A Shout in the Camp.**

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 235.

- 1 There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here,
Hallelujah ! praise his name ;
To the feast of his love we again draw near,
Praise, oh, praise his name.

CHO.—Room for the millions ! room for all !
Hallelujah ! praise his name ;
Come to the banquet, great and small,
Praise, oh, praise his name.

- 2 There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old,
Hallelujah ! praise his name ;
For the cloud of his glory we now behold,
Praise, oh, praise his name.
- 3 There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings,
Hallelujah ! praise h's name ;
While we drink at the Rock from the living springs,
Praise, oh, praise his name.

4 There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat
 Hallelujah ! praise his name ;
 There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet,
 Praise, oh, praise his name.

80

Tell it Out.

From "The Quartet," by per., p 88.

1 Tell it out among the heathen that Lord is King,
 Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing,
 Tell it out, tell it out ;
 Tell it out with adoration, that he shall increase,
 Tell it out, tell it out,
 That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace,
 Tell it out, tell it out ;
 Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
 Tell it out, tell it out,
 That he sitteth on the water floods, our King forever-
 Tell it out, tell it out, [more.

2 Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns,
 Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their
 Tell it out, tell it out ; [chains,
 Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
 Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest he gives,
 Tell it out, tell it out ;
 Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save,
 Tell it out, tell it out ;
 Tell it out among the dying that he triumphed o'er the
 Tell it out, tell it out. [grave,

3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above,
 Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out among the nations that his name is love,
 Tell it out, tell it out ;
 Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,
 Tell it out, tell it out,
 Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam,
 Tell it out, tell it out.
 Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
 Tell it out, tell it out,
 Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea,
 Tell it out, tell it out.

The Crimson Stream.

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 268.

- 1 I stand beside the crimson stream
That flows from Calvary's mount,
And long to wash away all sin,
Within the cleansing fount.

CHO.—Now wash me, now wash me,
And cleanse me from sin ;
Now wash me, now wash me,
And I shall be clean.

- 2 The blood of Christ alone will save
From guilt, and fear, and care ;
His blood will sweetly purify,
When sought in earnest prayer.

- 3 I claim the promised blessing now,
Freedom from every sin,
The power to lead a holy life,
With Christ in God shut in.

- 4 I sink into the crimson stream,
Christ's blood is now applied !
I rise again, redeemed by him,
And wholly purified.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
I'm washed from all sin ;
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Yes, now I am clean.

At the Cross.

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 316.

- 1 O Jesus, Lord thy dying love
Hath pierced my contrite heart ;
Now take my life, and let me prove
How dear to me thou art.

CHO.—At the cross :| where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy night and day !

- 2 Amid the night of sin and death
Thy light hath filled my soul ;
To me thy loving voice now saith,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

3 I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand,
I touch thy bleeding side ;
O let me here forever stand,
Where thou wast crucified.

4 My Lord, my light, my strength, my all,
I count my gain but loss ;
Forever let thy love enthrall,
And keep me at the cross.

83

Are you Drifting.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love, No. 2," by per., p. 14.

1 Are you drifting down life's current,
Drifting on a dangerous tide ?
Near the rapids' fearful peril
All unconscious do ye glide ?
Down the stream of sin and folly,—
Heeding not the danger near,
Drifting on in self-complacence,
Feeling no remorse or fear ?

CHO.—Hark ! the voice of yonder pilot :
Cease your drifting, seize the oar ;
Make the blest, celestial harbor,
Steer your bark for Canaan's shore.

2 Down the stream of worldly pleasure
Drifting, drifting evermore
T'ward the great, unfathomed ocean,
Bound for yon eternal shore ?
Drifting, drifting,—going,—whither ?
Aimless, purposeless ;—how vain !
To the dark and dread forever !
What, oh, what have ye to gain ?

3 Heed, oh, heed the kind monition !
Give your aimless wand'rings o'er ;
Cease to seek in earth your pleasure,
Head your bark for heav'n's bright shore,
Take on board the skillful pilot,
Use the oars of faith and prayer ;
Then you'll make the port of glory,
God will guide you safely there.

Singing Glory.

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 201.

- 1 I'm on my way to Glory !
 The land of light above,
 There I'll repeat the story
 Of Christ's redeeming love :
 I'll join with saints and angels
 To celebrate his fame,
 And through eternal ages
 His praises I'll proclaim,

CHO. — Singing glory ! singing glory !
 I'm on my way to Zion, singing Glory !

- 2 I'm on my way to heaven,
 The place of joy and rest,
 Where perfect peace is given
 To every troubled breast ;
 The cross no longer bearing,
 I'll lay my burden down,
 With bliss and honor wearing
 A bright, unfading crown,

- 3 I'm on my way to Zion,
 The city built on high,
 Jerusalem the joyous,
 Beyond the lofty sky ;
 I'll pass its shining portal,
 Its splendor I'll behold,
 Partake of life immortal,
 And walk its streets of gold.

God so Loved the World.

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 42.

- 1 God loved the world so tenderly
 His only Son he gave,
 That all who on his name believe
 Its wondrous power will save.

CHO. — For God so loved the world
 That he gave his only Son,
 That whosoever believeth in him
 Should not perish, should not perish,
 That whosoever believeth in him
 Should not perish, but have everlasting life.

- 2 Oh, love that only God can feel,
 And only he can show !
 Its height and depth, its length and breadth
 Nor heaven nor earth can know !
- 3 Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones ?
 Why slight the gracious call ?
 Why turn from him whose words proclaim
 Eternal life to all ?
- 4 O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours,
 And teach us to believe
 That whosoever comes to thee
 Shall endless life receive.

86 **I hope to meet you there.**

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 180.

- 1 I hope to meet you all in glory,
 When the storms of life are o'er ;
 I hope to tell the dear old story,
 On the blessed shining shore.

CHO.—On the shining shore,
 On the golden strand,
 In our Father's home,
 In the happy land :
 ¶: I hope to meet you there,—:¶
 A crown of vict'ry wear,—
 In glory.

- 2 I hope to meet you all in glory,
 By the tree of life so fair ;
 I hope to praise our dear Redeemer
 For the grace that brought me there.
- 3 I hope to meet you all in glory,
 Round the Saviour's throne above ;
 I hope to join the ransom'd army
 Singing now redeeming love.
- 4 I hope to meet you all in glory,
 When my work on earth is o'er ;
 I hope to clasp your hands rejoicing
 On the bright eternal shore.

The Numberless Host.

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 102.

- 1 When we enter the portals of glory,
And the great host of ransom'd we see,
As the numberless sand of the sea-shore,
What a wonderful sight that will be!

CHO.—Numberless as the sand of the sea-shore,
Numberless as the sand of the shore
Oh, what a sight 'twill be,
When the ransom'd host we see,
As numberless as the sand of the sea-shore.

- 2 When we see all the saved of the ages,
Who from cruel death-partings are free,
Greeting there with a heavenly greeting,
What a wonderful sight that will be!
- 3 When we stand by the beautiful river,
'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise,
What a wonderful sight that will be!
- 4 When we look on the form that redeemed us.
And his glory and majesty see,
While as King of the saints he is reigning,
What a wonderful sight that will be!

Always Abounding.

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 87.

- 1 Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed,
Be active in reaping and sowing the seed;
And thus in the vineyard, with Jesus to lead,
Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

REF.—Be always abounding in the work of the Lord;:
Be earnest, be active, relying on his word,
Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

- 2 Be ready, my brothers, his call to obey,
In seeking the erring and showing the way;
And thus as his servants remember, we pray,
Be always abounding in the work of the Lor
- 3 Be zealous, my brothers, the light to extend,
And unto all nations the gospel to send;
And thus till the harvest in glory shall end,
Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

89 **His Blood Washes Whiter than Snow.**

From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per, p. 252.

- 1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest such as the purified know,
My soul is a-thirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHO.—I believe Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow.
I believe Jesus saves,
And his blood washes whiter than snow.

- 2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show ;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

- 3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know ;
For his fullness of blessing I call,
Till his blood washes whiter than snow.

- 4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now his salvation to know ;
And his blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

- 5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love such as the ransomed ones know ;
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

90 **More Faith in Jesus.**

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 181.

- 1 While struggling through this vale of tears
I want more faith in Jesus ;
Amid temptations, cares, and fears,
I want more faith in Jesus.

CHO.—I want more faith, I want more faith,
A clearer, brighter, stronger faith in Jesus
And this my cry, as time rolls by,
I want more faith in Jesus.

- 2 To war against the foes within
I want more faith in Jesus ;
To rise above the powers of sin
I want more faith in Jesus.

3 To brave the storms that here I meet
I want more faith in Jesus ;
To rest confiding at his feet
I want more faith in Jesus.

4 I want a faith that works by love,
A constant faith in Jesus ;
A faith that mountains can remove,
A living faith in Jesus.

91 I Shall Never Know a Sorrow.

From "Songs of Perfect Love" by per., p. 25.

1 We are sweeping through the land,
With the sword of God in hand,
We are watching and we're praying, while we fight ;
On the wings of love we'll fly,
To the souls about to die,
And we'll force them to behold the precious light !

CHO.—Over there, over there,
I shall never know a sorrow over there :
In the streets of shining gold,
With the glory in my soul,
I shall never know a sorrow over there !

2 Oh, the blessed Lord of light,
We will serve him with our might,
And his arm shall bring salvation to the poor ;
They shall lean upon his breast,
Know the sweetness of his rest,—
Of his pardon he the vilest will assure.

3 We are sweeping on to win
Perfect vict'ry over sin,
And we'll shout our Saviour's praises evermore :
When the strife on earth is done,
And some million souls we've won,
We'll rejoin our conqu'ring comrades gone before.

92 He came to Save Me.

From "Songs of Redeeming Love, No. 2," by per. p. 112,

1 When Jesus laid his crown aside,
He came to save me ;
When on the cross he bled and died,
He came to save me.

CHO.—I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
And grace is free,
I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad that Jesus came,
He came to save me.

2 In my poor heart he deigns to dwell,
He came to save me ;
O, praise his name, I know it well,
He came to save me.

3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
He came to save me ;
And trusting him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me ;
To him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

93

Save Me Now.

From " Temple Trio," by per., p. 362.

1 Lord, my wayward heart is broken,
May I come to thee ?
In thy gentle arms of mercy
Hast thou room for me ?

CHO.— Save me ! save me !
Weeping at the cross I bow ;
Hear my humble supplication,
Jesus, save me now.

2 Though I long have grieved thy Spirit,
Long refused thy grace,
Do not cast me from thy presence,
Do not hide thy face.

3 Could my faith but touch thy garment
Healed my soul would be ;
Let thy smile of sweet forgiveness
Shed one beam for me.

4 Save me now or I must perish,
Save me, I implore ;
Speak those loving words so tender,
Go and sin no more.

Stay Not.

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 319.

- 1 Jesus is waiting to save you,
Bring him your burden of sin;
Knock at the portals of mercy,
Jesus will welcome you in.

CHO.—Stay not, stay not,
Faithful his promise and true;
Stay not, stay not,
Now there is pardon for you.
- 2 Come when the morning is brightest,
Come in the spring-time of youth,
Come in the vigor of manhood,
Drink at the fountain of truth.
- 3 Come, and the Saviour will give you
Life, and its pleasures untold,
Come, and his mercy will keep you
Guarded and safe in his fold.
- 4 Come, for the moments are flying,
Come, ere they vanish away;
Trust not the dawn of to-morrow,
Jesus is waiting to-day.

Wont you love my Jesus.

From "Temple Trio" by per., p. 157.

- 1 I have found a friend divine,
Wont you love him too?
I am his and he is mine,
Wont you love him too?

CHO.—Wont you love my Jesus,
My precious, precious Jesus?
Wont you love my Jesus?
He is waiting now for you.
- 2 Oh, how dear h's name to me,
Wont you love him too?
None can save your soul but he,
Wont you love him too?
- 3 Heavy-laden, care-oppressed,
Wont you love him too?
How he longs to give you rest
Wont you love him too?

- 4 Cast your burden at his feet,
Wont you love him too?
There is pardon pure and sweet,
Wont you love him too?

96

In the Book of Life.

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 64.

- 1 In thy book, where glory bright
Shines with never-fading light,
Where thy saved thou wilt record,
Write my name, my name, O Lord.

CHO.—Write my name in the book of life,
Lamb of God, write it there,
Where thy saved thou wilt record,
Write my name, my name, O Lord.

- 2 In the book, whose pages tell
Who have tried to serve thee well,
O'er my name let mercy trace,
Child of God, redeemed by grace.

- 3 In the book, where thou dost keep
Record still of years that sleep,
Let my name be written down
Heir to life's immortal crown.

- 4 O my Saviour, thou canst show
What I long so much to know:
Let my faith behold and see
That my life is hid with thee.

97

Let Him In.

From "Temple Trio," by per. p. 148.

- 1 There's a stranger at the door, let him in,
He has been there oft before, let him in;
Let him in ere he is gone,
Let him in, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, let him in.
- 2 Open now to him your heart, let him in,
If you wait he will depart, let him in;
Let him in, he is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end, let him in.

3 Hear you now his loving voice? let him in,
Now, oh, now make him your choice, let him in,
He is standing at the door,
Joy to you he will restore,
And his name you will adore, let him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest, let him in,
He will make for you a feast, let him in,
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven, let him in.

98

Open the Door.

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 358.

1 Jesus, the Saviour, is waiting and knocking,
Standing to-day at the door of thy heart;
Say, wilt thou open and gladly receive him,
Or wilt thou bid him in sorrow depart?

CHO.—Open the door, 'tis the Saviour knocking,
Patiently knocking to-day at thy heart;
Open the door, 'tis the Saviour knocking,
Knocking, knocking, — must he depart?

2 Long he has called thee and thou hast refused him,
Long he has waited thy answer to hear;
Still he is knocking; how canst thou be silent?
Now at this moment thy doom may be near.

3 What if the lamp of thy life should be darkened?
What if the Saviour should call thee no more?
Think of the anguish, thy Spirit appalling,
Knowing the day of probation is o'er.

4 While he is calling and waits to be gracious
Haste to admit him, the warning obey;
While he is holding the sceptre of pardon,
Quickly receive him—no longer delay.

99

Enthroned is Jesus now.

From "The Quartet," by per., p. 132.

1 Enthroned is Jesus now,
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

CHO. — There with the glorified,
Safe by our Saviour's side,
||: We shall be satisfied,
By and by. :||

In shining white they stand,
A great and countless throng ;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.

3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them ;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.

4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

100 **There's a Voice in my Heart.**

From "Temple Trio," by per., p. 348.

1 There's a voice in my heart, and I hear it to-day :
But why do I linger? what keeps me away?
'Tis Jesus my Saviour, I must not delay,
Gently he calls, I will go to him now.

CHO.—Yes, I will go, yes, I will go,
Lovingly, joyfully, go to him now ;
Jesus is near, and I know he will hear
If I trustingly go to him now.

2 There's a voice in my heart, and it whispers to me
That, if I will trust him, my friend he will be ;
The print of the nails in his hands I can see ;
Gently he calls, I will go to him now.

3 There's a voice in my heart, and how gentle its tone,—
He waits to receive me and make me his own ;
My soul must be saved through his merits alone ;
Gently he calls, I will go to him now.

4 Oh, that voice in my heart I will hear and obey,
I will not reject him, I will not delay ;
To him, my Redeemer, I hasten to-day,—
Gently he calls, I will come to him now.

From "Temple Trio." p. 293.

- 1 God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHO.—Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

- 2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

- 3 God be with you till we meet again.
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

By permission of J. E. Rankin, D.D., Orange Valley, N. J.



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